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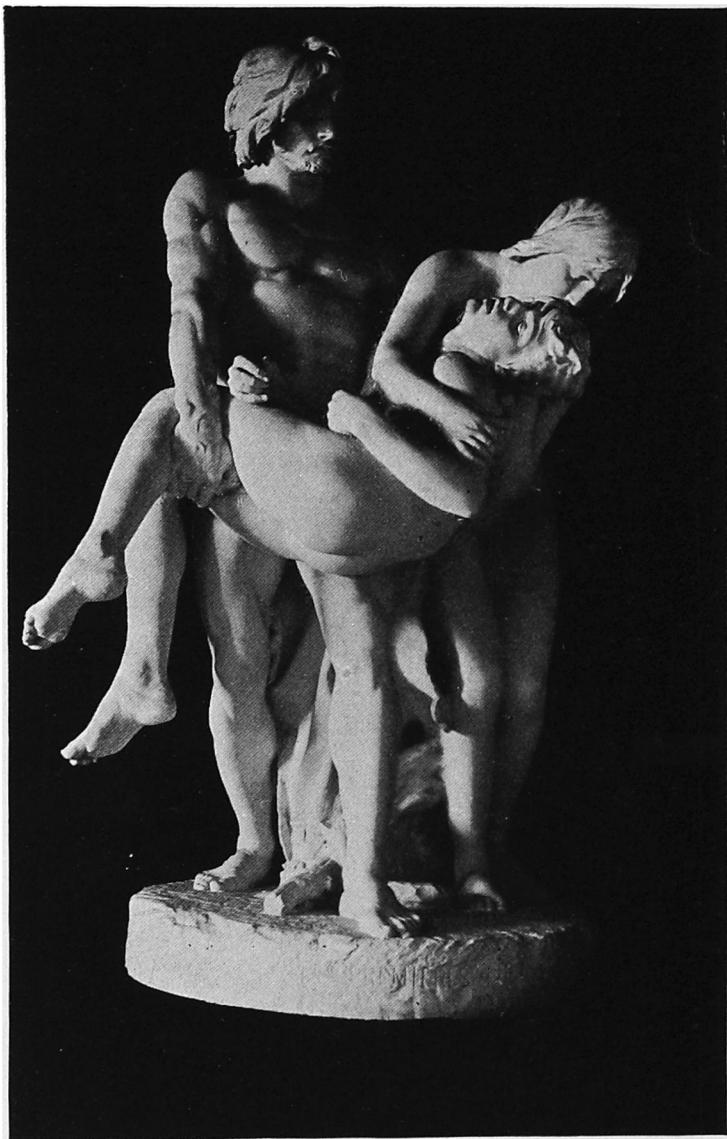
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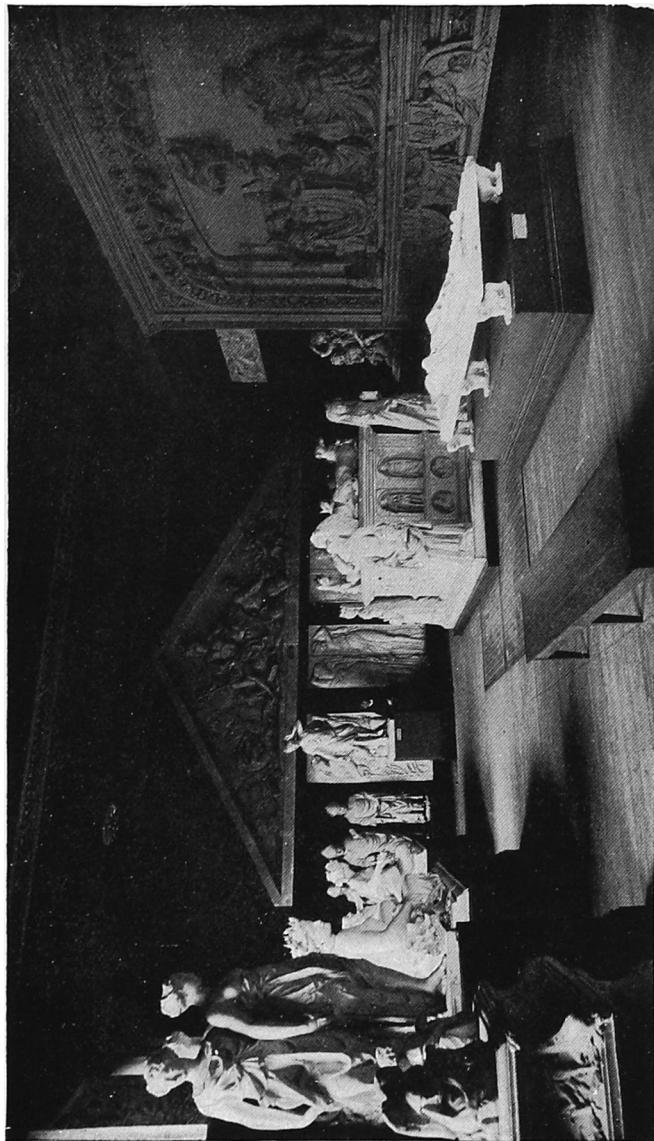
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THE FIRST BURIAL, BY LOUIS ERNEST BARRIAS.

Modern French Sculpture.
Original in Hotel de Ville, Paris.

FRENCH HISTORIC SCULPTURES.



THE PERMANENT COLLECTIONS IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

II.—The Sculpture Collections.

THE Art Institute collection of casts is admirable in the department of ancient art, notably deficient in examples of the early Italian Renaissance, and preëminently rich in its French sculpture of all periods.

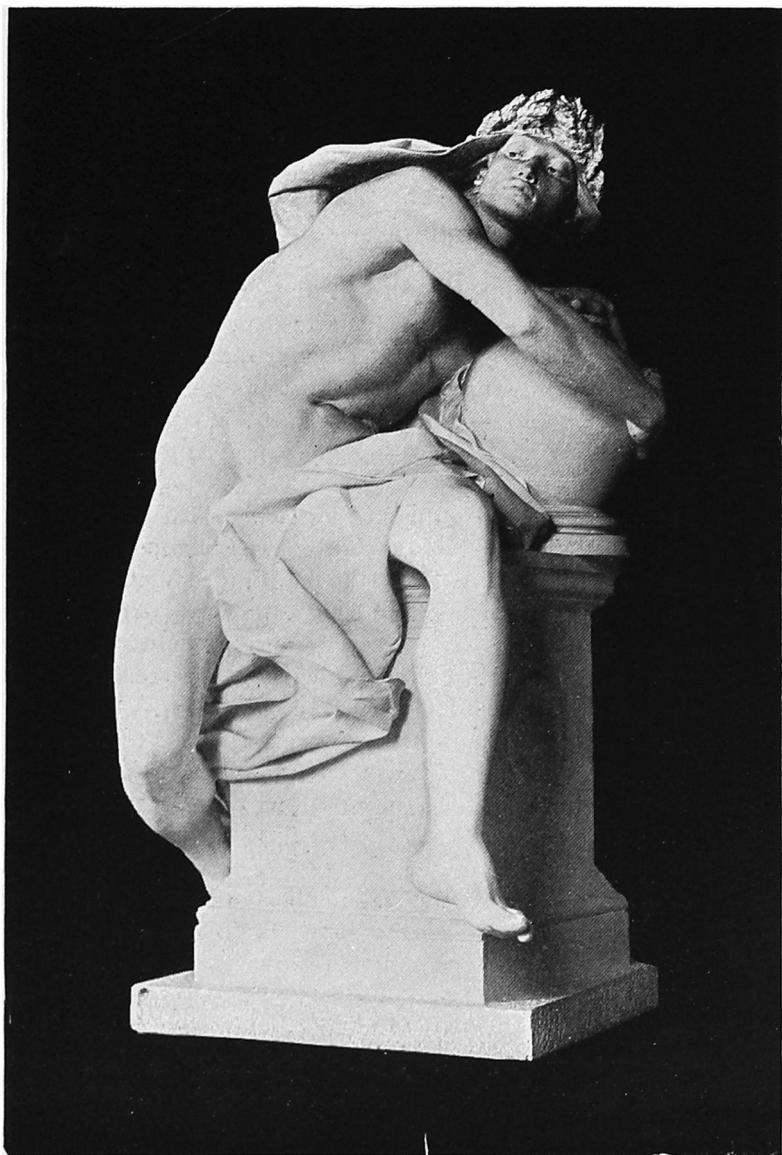
Our "Antiques" have been selected and arranged with great care, and offer to anyone interested in the historic development of sculpture, a most instructive series. We covet the Olympian pediments of the Boston Museum, the fuller representation of Pergamon's giant works, the "Bolognan Athena" and certain Roman portraits, but we have already—thanks to Mrs. Ellis' wise generosity—many more than the usual "stock figures."

Our Parthenon casts, a paint-choked inheritance from the old Exposition Company, are the least satisfactory, though generous in number, but the "Hermes," the "Venus de Milo," the "Winged Victory," the panel from Pergamon, the "Augustus," and even the newly arrived "Arch of Trajan" are perfect casts. The accuracy of the reproduction of those wonderfully modeled surfaces enhances, beyond estimate, their value as examples of superb workmanship.

While our collection of antiques is small beside the comprehensive scheme of the Metropolitan Museum's recent purchases, one may feel well content with what we have, since nothing of really first importance is lacking and only two institutions of the East surpass us in number of casts.

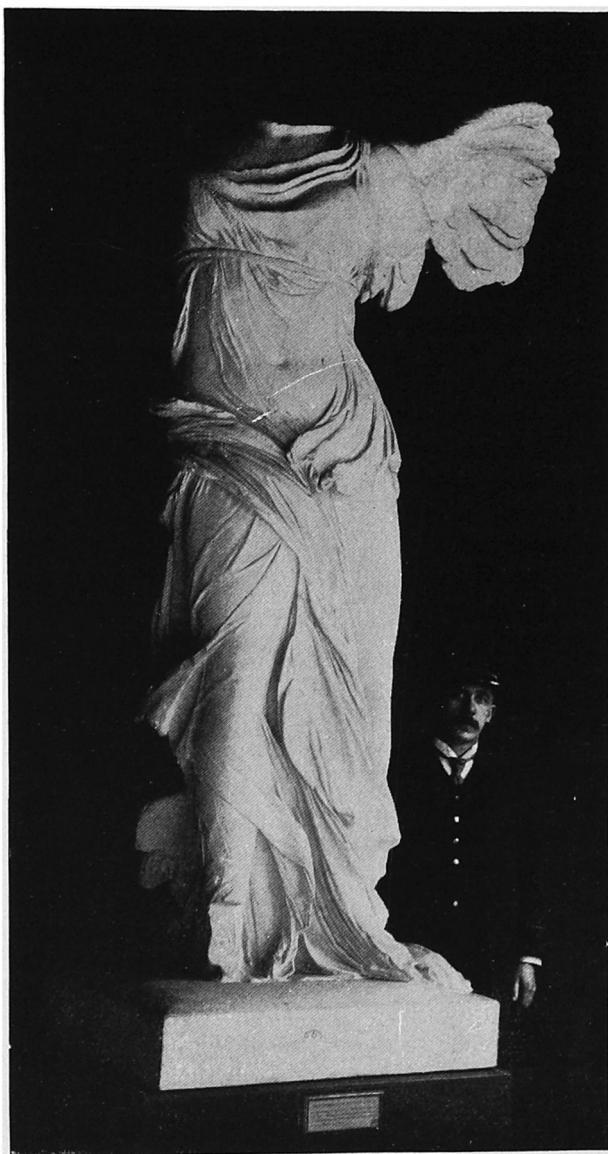
Supplementary to these are the rare replicas in metal in the Pompeian room. Their staring eyes and corkscrew curls do not appeal to all, but they improve upon acquaintance and there are many beautiful bits to be discovered in that room.

As has been suggested, we are very deficient in the works of the early Florentine sculptors—a few heads, a few reliefs, but nothing in any way adequate, representing that most delightful period of artistic awakening and activity. The last few years have seen the masters of that time appreciated and exalted as never before: Donatello, the della Robbias, Mino da Fiesole—these are the saints of our craft today! One thinks of the old chapel of the "Beaux Arts" and its rare display of early renascent sculpture, and hopes that copies of some of those charming things may soon



SPIRIT OF THE TOMB, BY RENE DE SAINT-MARCEAU.

Modern French Sculpture.
Original in the Luxembourg, Paris.



NIKE OF SAMOTRAKE.
(Winged Victory.)

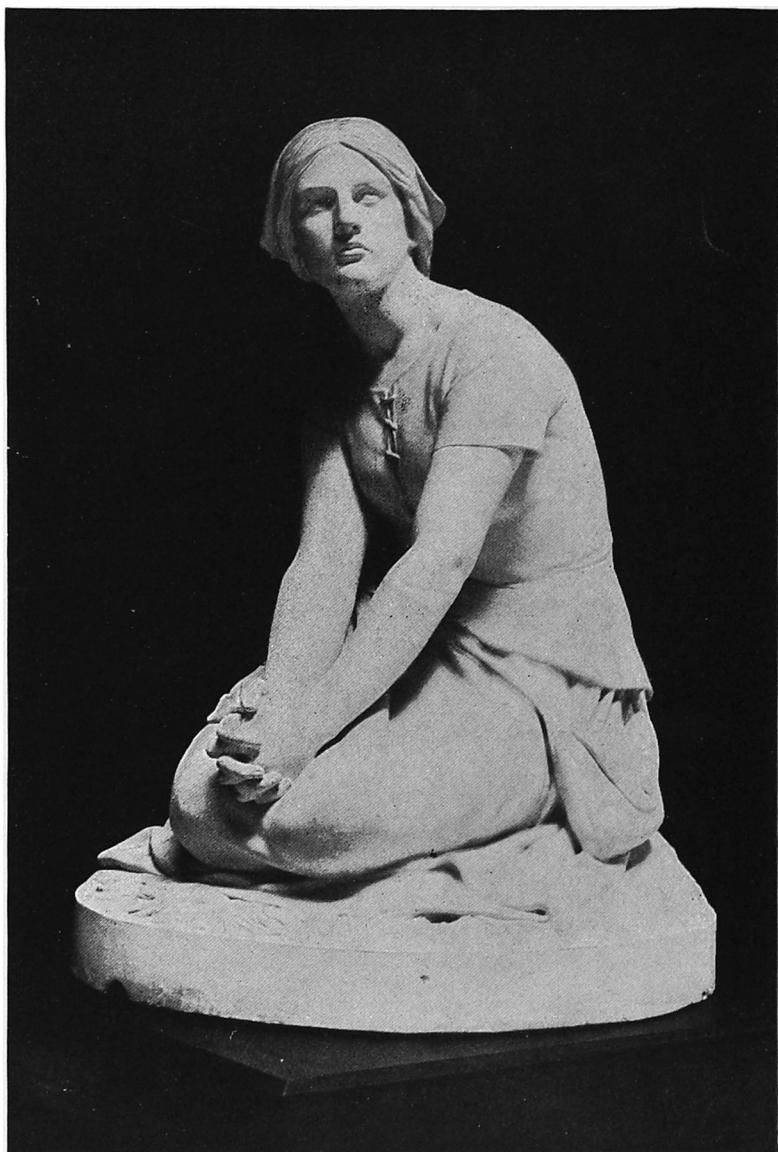
Hellenistic Greek Sculpture, 305 B. C.
Original in the Louvre, Paris.

come over the seas to us. If we had even the beautiful plaster babies which adorn Hull House we should have reason to rejoice.

With Michael Angelo's triumphant works we are fortunately better acquainted—one never grows familiar with them! We are indeed happy in the possession of those glorious Medicean tombs. The casts are a hundred times better than any photographs, however good, because one can look on these towering piles from a hundred different points of view, and there is beauty in the transition; it comes with every step. The "Slaves" and the great "Moses" rest below, scattered here as are the original fragments of that gigantic sculptor's dream—the "Projected Tomb of Julius II."

The hiatus between this flowering period of Italian art and our modern times is unexpectedly filled by our rare treasures of early French sculpture. Here we have a possession as valuable as it is unique. The French Government sent to the Columbian Exposition not only modern works, but a historic sequence of sculpture from earliest Gothic church decorations down through its most florid development, its transformation into the Renaissance, and so on—a marvelously interesting series of casts—some of them enormous in size. They give us an epitome of the famous Trocadero collection. These larger casts will be set up as rapidly as space may permit. What a privilege it is to turn from the books in our library and look upon the very portals of Chartres Cathedral, the door of St. Maclou, or the tomb of Francis II. of Brittany, that gem of Nantes. Here is the effigy of cruel Catherine de Medicis, stripped of all her regal trappings—she did not like it at all—and here the memorial to her husband with its "Decent Graces," as she specified. Here we see Diane de Poitiers' loving tribute to a too complaisant spouse, and yonder between the simpering bishops of Bordeaux are Jean Goujon's sinuous nymphs from the Fountain of the Innocents, marvels of low-relief, the admiration of all Paris, but quite unnoticed here.

Like the free-day crowd we may hurry by the next generation of French sculpture; the writhing ladies and well-inflated cupids of Versailles. The unwinning works of pseudo classicism, likewise, we greet with but chilly recognition; let us hasten to the examples of contemporaneous art. Here the French section stands preëminent; our treasures are of incalculable worth. Little did the writer imagine when some ten years ago he began lecturing here upon that unheard-of and very superfluous theme, "Modern French Sculpture," that these few years would see our young city endowed with such a collection as this, of the best of those masterpieces—a collection nowhere duplicated outside of Paris. It was someone's happy inspiration to suggest, the year before the World's Fair, that the French Government might be willing to send a representation of



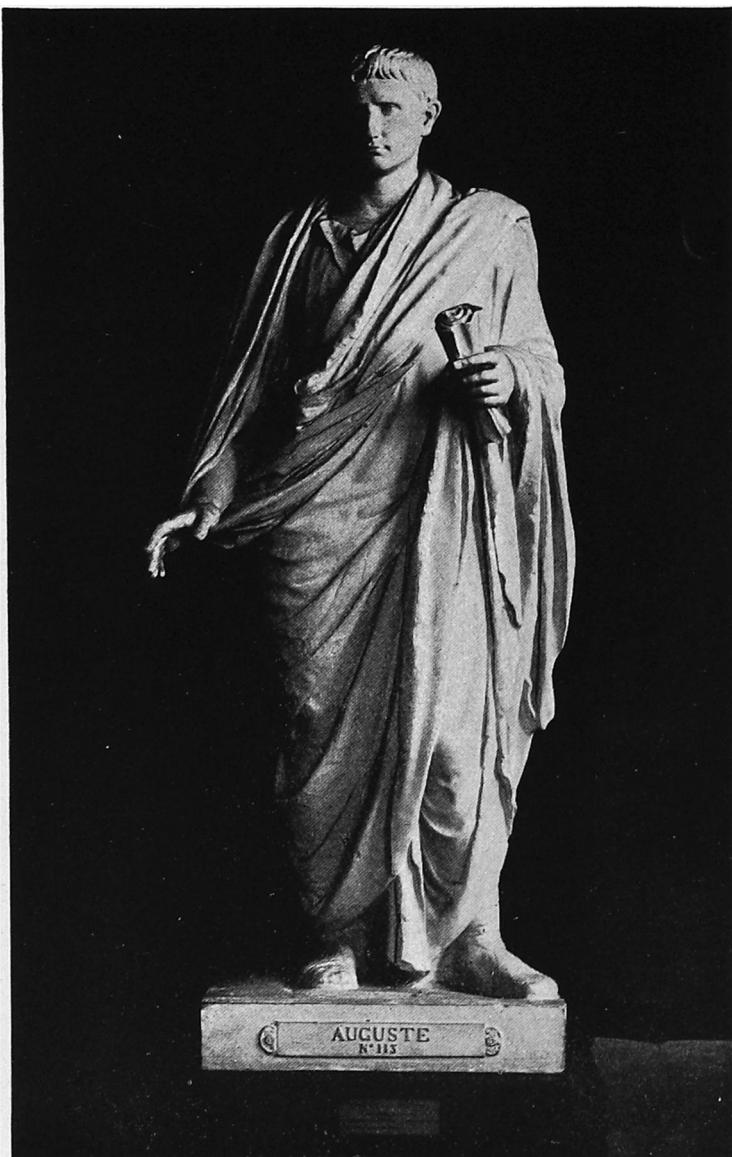
JOAN OF ARC, BY HENRI MICHEL ANTOINE CHAPU.

Modern French Sculpture.
Original in the Luxembourg, Paris.



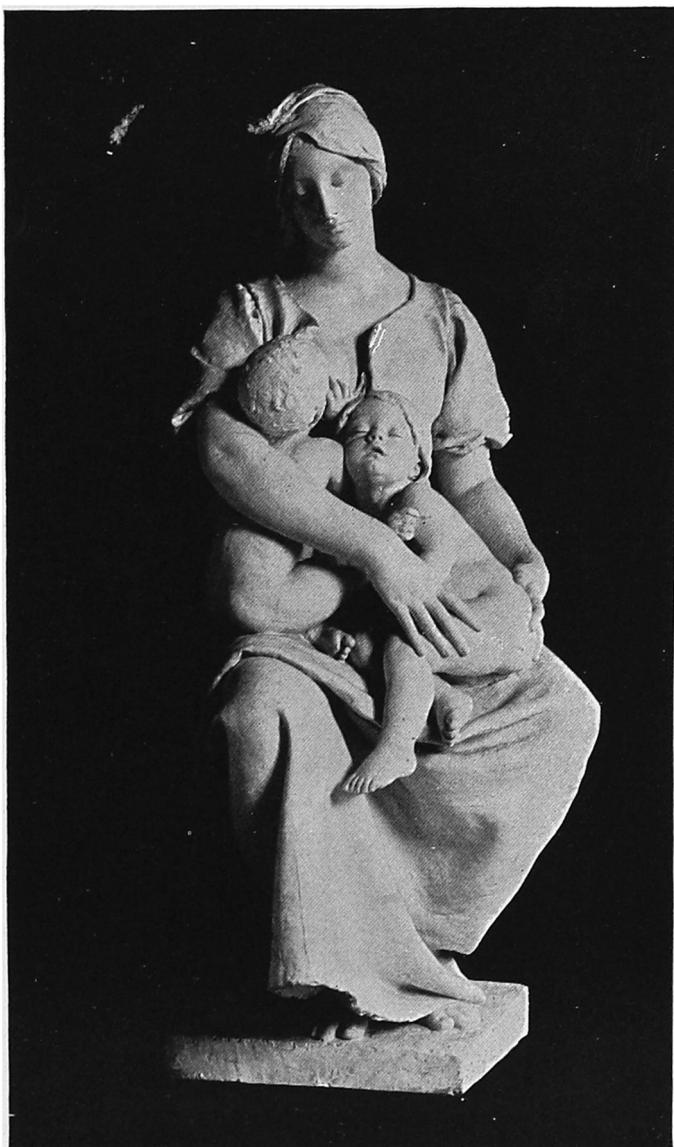
TOMB OF LORENZO DE MEDICI, BY MICHELANGELO BUONAROTTI.

Italian Renaissance.
Original in Church of San Lorenzo, Florence.



AUGUSTUS, IN THE TOGA, ADDRESSING THE SENATE.

Roman, about 25 B. C.
Original in the Louvre, Paris.



CHARITY, BY PAUL DUBOIS.

Modern French Sculpture.
Original in Cathedral of Nantes, France.

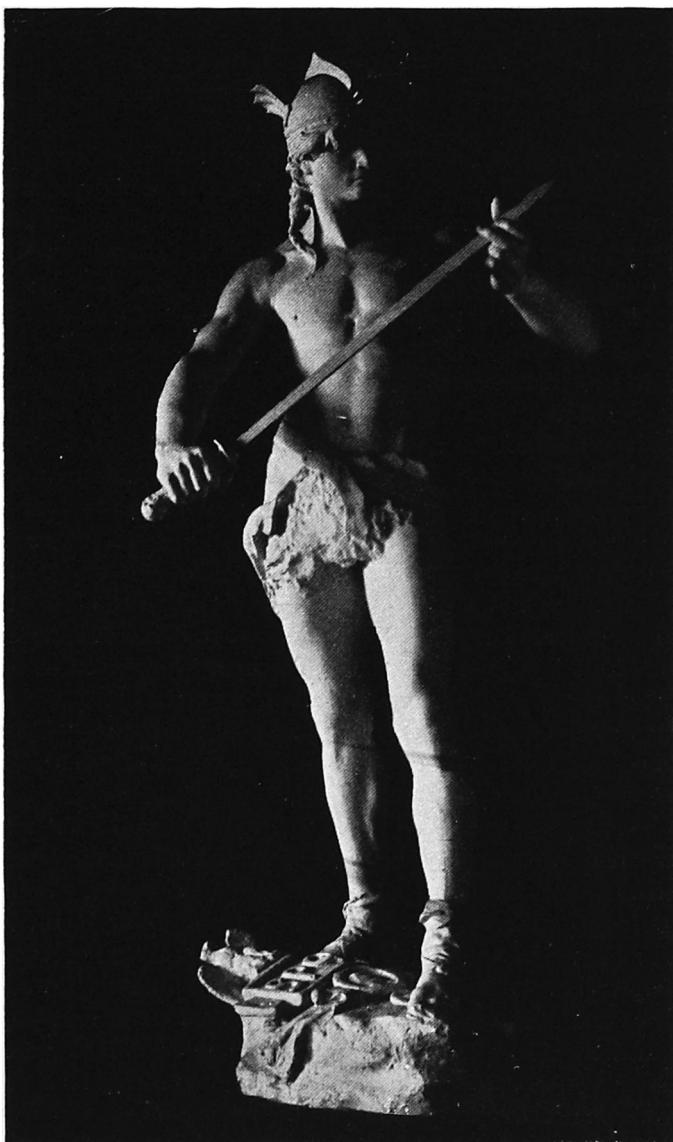
modern sculpture, if our Institute would pay the cost of reproduction; in return the exhibit would remain with us. It seemed too good to be true, that these glories of modern France, these triumphs of the world's third great school of sculpture were to abide here, to inspire us through all time. Reproductions for which the museums of Europe had plead in vain were to be made for us modest people. Truly the meek shall inherit the earth!

It was accomplished, and we possess today: "The First Funeral," that noblest work of Barrias, called more than once *the* masterpiece of the modern French school; Chapu's incomparable Joan of Arc; Paul Dubois' superb figures from the tomb of General Lamoricière in Nantes cathedral (I walked half across France once to see them!); Mercié's "Quand Même," wonderful in its intensity; and his wholly beautiful "David After the Combat." No less masterly in its perfection of line and modeling is Massoule's "Ancestor," one of the most perfect single figures of our time. Not so attractive, however, is Fremiet's rugged "Savage of the Stone Age"; would that the great sculptor had sent some of his great animal groups. Cain, his one time rival, is represented by two immense tragedies in plaster, excerpts from Nature's ever heartless drama of death. Falguiere, the recognized head of the fleshly school, has bequeathed us his famous "Diana," a marvel of modeling. St. Marceaux' greatest work likewise is ours—the "Genius of Death"; the pose is a plagiarism from Michael Angelo, but well has the modern made it his own. And finally Rodin, "The Terrible," has given us one of his strange conceptions, the grim crag-like Burger of Calais.

Among the contributions of other lands are the bronze "Teucer," by England's best sculptor, Thornycroft, and the exquisite "Snowdrop," by the lamented Hasselberg, of Sweden.

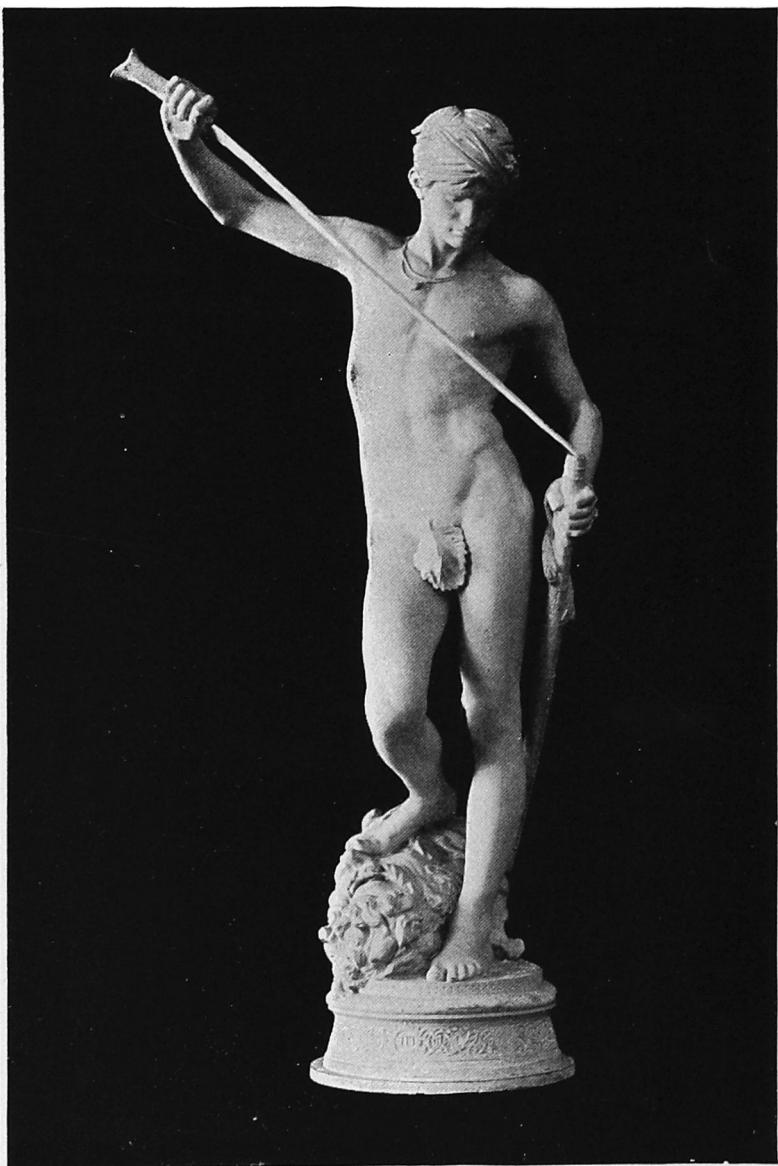
It is not strange that we should have fared less well at the hands of our countrymen. Fortunately we have no such hoard of marble atrocities as the Metropolitan Museum has been obliged to care for. Some of our best sculptors have favored us with examples of their work. We are indeed fortunate in having here Daniel French's "Angel of Death," the O'Reilly Memorial, and the "Republic," St. Gauden's "Puritan," Bartlett's "Bear Trainer," etc. Mr. French's groups come and go, but we trust that in the end our Director may succeed in establishing some kind of a shadowy claim upon them, and assure our permanent possession of a copy of each of his brother's noble achievements.

Amid all this gratulation I may be pardoned a word of regret. It is hard to make people understand that while good lighting is important for paintings, it is imperative in the case of sculpture. In practice the sculpture is usually put in rooms where the light is evidently too poor for



ONE OF OUR ANCESTORS, BY ANDRÉ MASSOULLE.

Modern French Sculpture.
Original owned by the city of Paris.



DAVID VICTOR, BY ANTONIN MERCIÉ.

Modern French Sculpture.
Original in the Luxembourg, Paris.

the paintings. Our cast rooms are neither better nor worse than the average, but let these figures be placed once in skylighted halls and the gain would be astonishing. Perhaps some day a well-lighted pavilion may be added to either end of the Institute and connected with arcades, or make the whole a great glass-covered cloister—a “Campo Santo”; put here our finest casts and originals, and use the present corridors and halls for the architectural fragments. You can scarcely imagine how gloriously our treasures would be transfigured.

We have already the rarest collection of sculpture in the country; ours would then be the proud distinction of having the one museum where sculpture could be seen at its best.

LORADO TAFT.